Votum Perenne.

A

POEM

TO THE

KING

ON

NEW-YEARS-DAY.

BY

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A

POEM to the KING on *New-Years-Day.*

NOW *Janus* in his Office does appear,
To close the Last, and to unfold this Year;
His dreadful *Temple* now wide open stands,
And *Europe* is Oppress'd by *Warring Bands.*
For You Sir, 'tis reserv'd to quell the *Foes,*
And only You those Fatal Doors can close.
Illustrious Monarch ! on this Solemn Day
The Humble *Tribute* of our *Hearts* we pay.
Big with our *Vows* and *Pray'rs*, that *Heaven* would bless
Your *Person* and your *Arms* with such Success,
That ev'ry Day your *Glory* may encrease.
And never may Sinister *Fate* oppose,
Till you have rais'd your *Friends*, and humbled all your *Foes.*

No *Nation* is like ours securely Blest,
While all the *World* is Plagu'd, we are at Rest.
This more than *Goshen* is, the *Power Divine*
Has made Two *Suns* in our *Horizon* shine:
A *Prince* who bravely can abroad *orecome,*
While his Fair *Queen* can wisely *Reign* at Home.

Our last Three Years so *Marvellous* have been,
Th' *Almighty Pow'r* to *Atheists* must be seen:

Since the vaſt *Scene* was ſhifted with ſuch eaſe,
Calm was the *Land*, and Quiet were the *Seas*,
And all along th' *Invaſion* it was Peace.
The *Sun* thus gently gives the *Morning* Birth,
And with its Fruitful Beams *invades* the Earth.
The Neighbouring *Iſle* was not ſo wiſe as we,
That could not taſte the Sweets of Liberty,
But the Event of Bloody War would ſee.

You of all *Princes* like, and need Praiſe leaſt,
Yet muſt it in your Story be expreſt:
Excuſe your *Poet* who your Praiſe muſt Write,
If as *Hiſtorian* he your *Deeds* recite.
Who can but with *Poetick* Heat be warm'd
By your great *Wonders* at the *Boin* perform'd?
Whoſe *Spirit* Kindled up the Fainting *War*
Into a *Flame*, which ſpread out wide and far.
None e're ſo wiſely Led, ſo bravely Fought:
By *You* thus fir'd, by your Example taught,
Your *Leaders* ſince vaſt *Miracles* have wrought:
Which with *Amazement* the *French Generals* fill'd
Though bold in *Arms*, and much in *Conduct* skill'd:
Not *Art*, nor *Nature* could their Men Secure
Againſt ſuch *Daring Souls* as would no Bounds endure.
Inſpir'd by *Your* great *Cauſe* and *Mighty Name*,
They thought no *Price* too dear to pay for *Fame*.
No Difficulty could your *Arms* oppoſe,
No Hold was ſtrong enough to Guard your *Foes*,
Not *Forts*, not *Towns*, nor *Camps* more ſtrong than thoſe;
Not Treacherous *Bogs*, nor Rapid *Floods* could ſerve,
No *Hills*, no *Streightneſs*, *Rebels* could preſerve:
But every where before your *Troops* they fall,
So well they Copied out their *Great Original*.

What *Triumphs* had another *Scene* Adorn'd,
But the *Grand Lewis* had too well been warn'd;
And thoſe who felt what you before had done,
Inglorioufly the proffer'd *Combat* ſhun;
And in their *Coverts* clos'd, the *Beaſts of Prey*
Stir'd not, till the *Great Nimrod* was away.
A *Foe* t'his Face, they never dare Attack,
But ſoon grow Furious, if he turns his Back.

Nor durſt their *Boaſting* and *Vain-glorious Fleet*
Your *Gallant* well appointed *Navy* meet.
Your *Perſon* cannot in each Place appear,
Where your own *Enſigns* fly, your *Vertue's* there.
Though ev'ry Night the *Sun* his Beams withdraws,
His *Influence* yet by Night does *huge Productions* cauſe.

But loe, the buſie and enquiring *Muſe*,
Did *Fates Myſterious Volumes* late peruſe;
Thoſe *Hidden Rolls* which to the *World* give *Law*,
Where ſhe the *Riſe*, and *Fall* of *Empires* ſaw;
She in a *Viſion* whiſper'd to my Ear,
That a more *Wonarous Scene* would yet appear,
And this ſhould be the moſt *Important Year*;
That my *Great Maſter* was by *Fate* deſign'd
To *Quiet* the *Diſturber* of *Mankind*.
And *Sir*, the *Happy Time's* approaching now,
When *his* to your *Superior Fate* muſt bow:
Who ſhall *Invade* him in his *Tendereſt* part,
And bend or break his too *Imperious Heart*:
His *Violence* and *Rapine* bring to Naught,
Which have through *Europe* ſuch *Deſtruction* wrought.
You Sir, ſhall make thoſe *dire Convulſions* ceaſe
And give the *Shaken World* a *firm* and *glorious Peace*.

Almighty

Almighty Power make this *Prediction* true,
And with *Succeſs* in all things proſper *You*;
Heaven from th'Abundance of its *precious Store*,
Such *Bleſſings* on your *Royal Temples* pour,
Till you can ask, and that can give no more.

So Prays

Your Majeſties moſt Dutiful Servant,

and moſt Loyal Subject,

Tho. Shadwell.

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